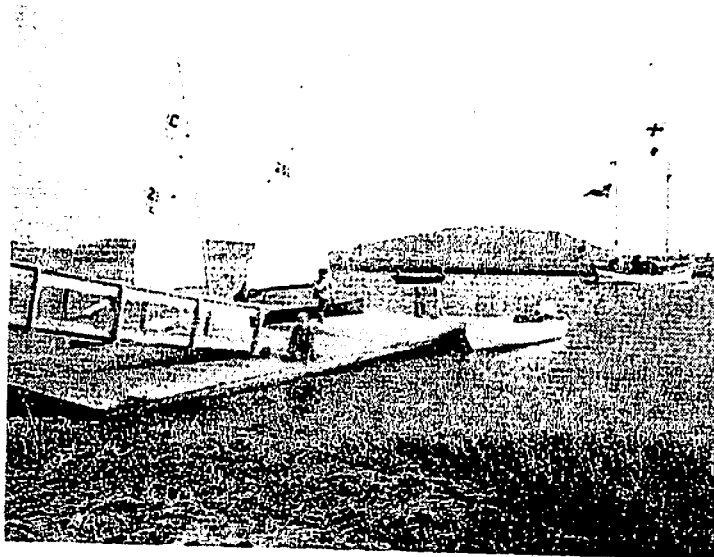


Thursday, October 17, 1968

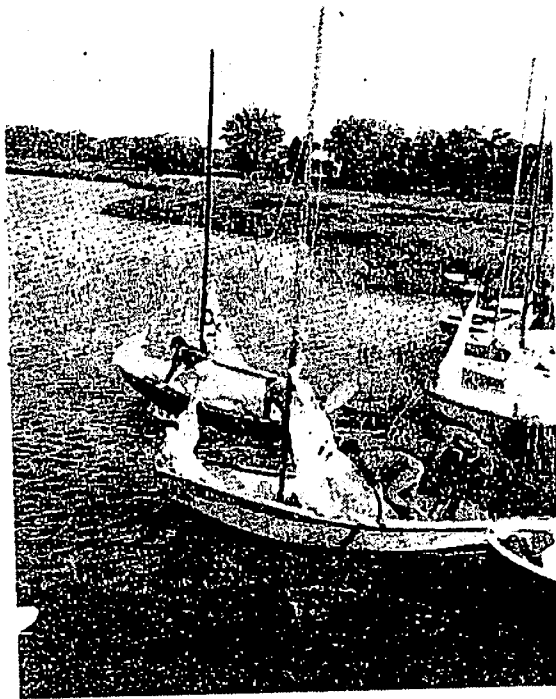
FROSTBITE NEWS



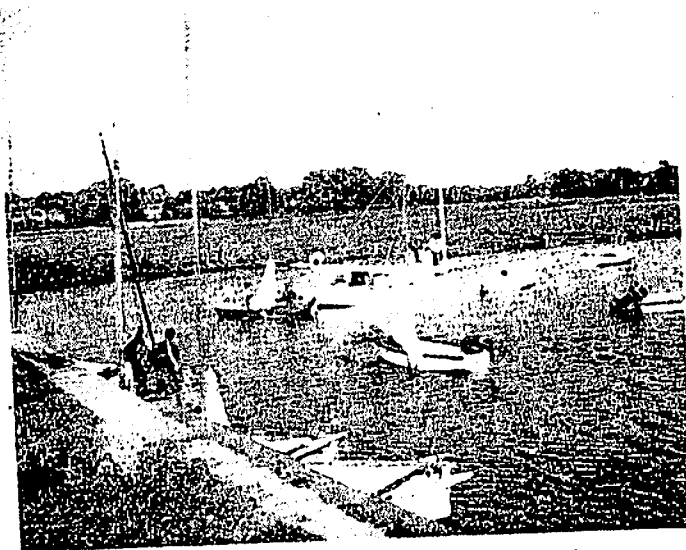
Famous yachtswoman, Laverne Walters, shown here about to take out the prow and the first two frames of the newest IC dinghy after christening her BOBBLE. Assisting are Barbara Butler, Bob Lew, owner and former Duxbury resident, and Red Coach Boatyard manager, Robert Herzog.



Site of the start of the Castle Neck River Regatta, with Hog Island, the prominence in the back ground, as one of the marks to round. The Emma Shotwell marks her end of the line. 206 is Duxbury's famous black boat, Sinisterre.



Rinky Dink starters leaving the Bluefish River, sails down start, bound for Bug Light and glory!



Just after the Rinky Dink start for Bug Light.

They laughed when we mentioned the Red Coach Boatyard last week in these columns. Probably because not many

people are aware of its presence and the unique services it provides. Now take last week when we brought up McCor-

DUXBURY CLIPPER

mick's new Interclub Dinghy from Fall River. Obviously you just can't go about the countryside towing a nameless dinghy after you. So it seemed appropriate to promptly christen this noble vessel, and to do that of course requires a sponsor and suitable quantity of champagne. This is where the Red Coach Boatyard, handily placed right across our track back to Duxbury, fits into the scheme. The attached picture is self-explanatory and we will allow as how it was one of the most notable social events of the current season. It is also the inauguration of a new service, the Frostbite Rechristening Service. We will transport to this fine establishment, at a suitable fee, of course, any article you wish to have renamed, boats, children, pets, wives, etc., and see that the proper ceremony is carried out.

Saturday found our representatives up in Ipswich attending one of the most beautifully situated, and certainly one of the more exclusive, dinghy regattas that it has been our pleasure to participate in. The SACNRDR (Semi-annual Castle Neck River Dinghy Regatta) is held in the great Ipswich marsh behind Cranes Neck. The setting is magnificent featuring the great dunes, on one hand and the teeming marsh on the other. Four races were held consisting of two upstream, one downstream, and an excursion around Hog Island. The latter is a high wooded island sticking up out of the marsh and sheltering several very old homes and farms that probably look the same now as they did in 1760.

John Van Dusen, occasional lawyer, who makes a career out of winning this race took all four while the best we could do was a 4-3-3-4. The committee fellows, "by way of background," introduced us to several innovations in committee technique from their stations on the Emma Shotwell, shown in the accompanying photo, all flags flying. The starting line was between the mizzen mast and a pole on shore. But the starter stood forward of the mainmast with his cannon because the view was better. One year the starter used a 10-gauge shotgun with ball shot and a little geyser erupted in front of the fleet as he put a round across their bows. Splendid fellows, Appleton starter, and Smith timer, Ipswich you know. After the excursion race, at the start of which we protested the windward mark for balking, all hands repaired to Townsends for dinner and prizes. We were given the Ipswich Snail for our efforts. But it could not have been a more pleasant day on the water anywhere.

So that brings us to Sunday and the one and only Duxbury Pier Light Trophy race. For the uninitiated this is a race that starts at the Bluefish River Bridge with the sails down, rounds a mark, prior to which there are no rules, and then continues out to the Duxbury Pier Light and back to the Frostbite dock, with champagne served en route and at the dock. There is no doubt that 1968's race will be remembered as a premiere example of that indescribable drive that makes two men in boats want to race each other. Blessed with the extraordinary good weather that has marked this fall, 10 IC's took off in the usual disorderly manner and cleared the Bluefish with Gerry in the van followed by Clark, Wirt, and Dewire. In the fading southeasterly some of us who could see that we would not catch them by a stern chase

stood in along the shore hoping the lesser tide would aid us. For awhile off Eagles' Nest we did make a little money on the boats out in the bay. But after observing a fleet of yachts from Plymouth standing along the Clark's Island shore in a fair breeze, those who were able tacked off and sailed for the wind, while the rest of us never got back in the game. Jack Clark, who had been tacking along the western shore took a long board to Clark's Island and thence to Saquish Beach before tacking for the light. By now 3 1/2 hours had gone by, the rest of us had turned back and towed or paddled in and the first boat had not cleared Bug Light.

To those on shore in the rapidly fading daylight it now became a question of how long and how successful was the committee boat going to be in finding the 5 IC's and the one Rinky Dink still sailing. It became pitch black quickly and we built a fire anticipating a cold group coming in on the tow. Instead, some 5 1/2 hours after the start, 3 Interclubs suddenly ghosted in out of the darkness hugging the western shore and still racing. This is why we had not been able to hear the committee boat's motor, for they had been refused by these three and had gone back to pick up the tail enders who also were still racing. After leading around the light and all the way to Shipyard Lane Clark was overtaken by Dewire who touched him out by about 5 boat lengths, closely followed by Jerry Wirt in third place. It

was really the most incredible sight to see these three little boats, still racing each other in the darkness, suddenly appear in the firelight after that long frustrating afternoon. Needless to say everybody on the beach cheered and blew horns, and much champagne was deservedly dispensed around the fire. The lone Rinky Dink was skippered by Brad Chandler down for a quiet Sunday afternoon. And what was the topic of conversation around the fire? Sailing, naturally! Everybody wanted to find out what the right play was along Clark's Island. One boat even went around the island in search of wind. Gerry, who had been leading recalled how he had taken to covering Wirt, convinced that Clark and Dewire were too far behind. And Dewire attributed his success to his wife who noted the wind on the sea grass ashore.

So this was the week that "really was" for most of us and we start our regular schedule as follows:

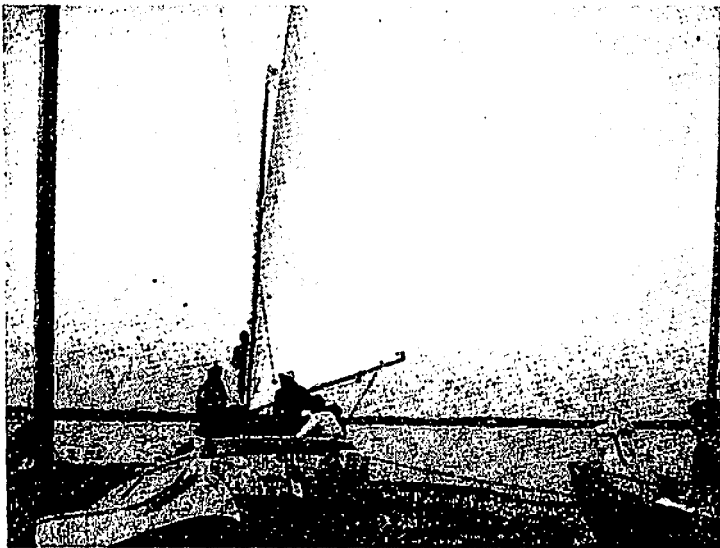
Sunday, Oct. 27- 1 p.m.

Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 2-3
Marblehead.

Sunday, Nov. 10, 1 p.m.

Sunday, Nov. 24, 1 p.m.

LHB



Getting towed in by the Hutchinson's after quitting the Bug Light Race after 3 1/2 hours, at which point the sun is setting and the first IC has just barely reached the light.



Frostbite crews awaiting arrival of committee boat at Bluefish.